

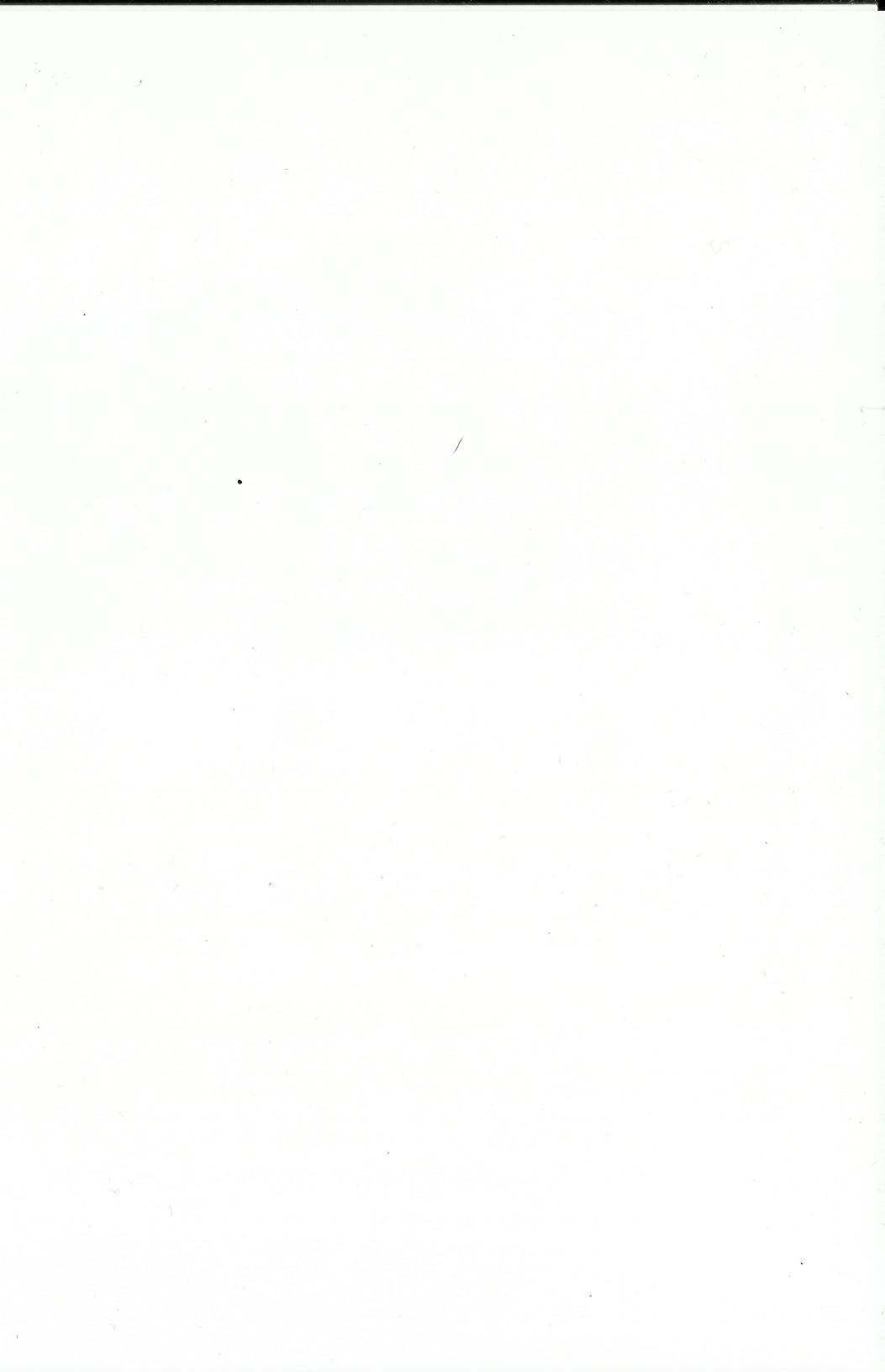
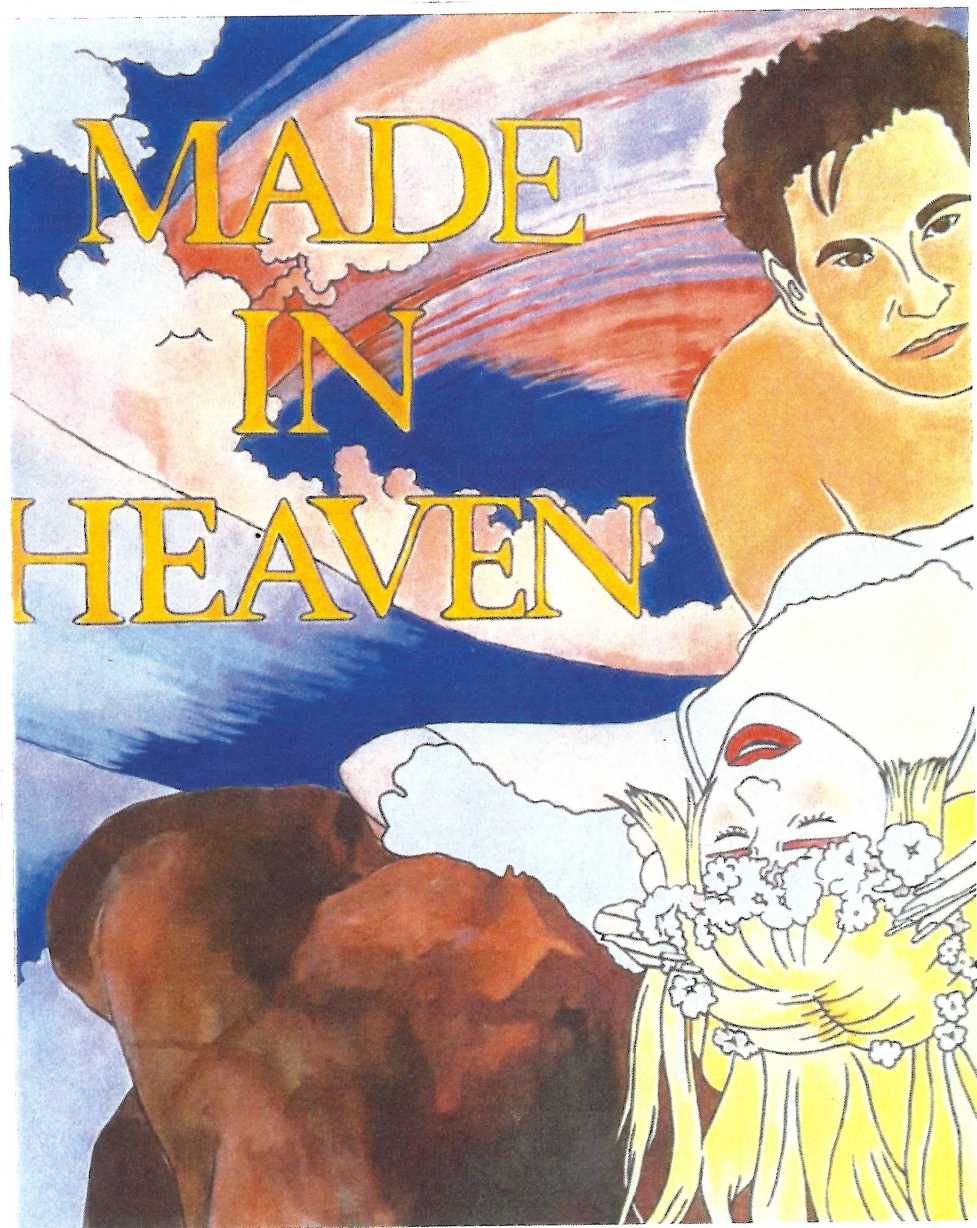


Glass Sheets No. 3







PART ONE:
MAGIC

MADE IN HEAVEN



IN THE 1980'S HUNGARIAN
PORNSTAR AND POLITICIAN
ILONA STALLER MET AMERICAN
ARTIST JEFF KOONS. KOONS
CREATED *MADE IN HEAVEN* WITH
STALLER. *MADE IN HEAVEN* WAS
A SERIES OF ARTWORKS THAT
DEPICTED THE TWO IN SEXUALLY
EXPLICIT POSES.



Sometimes there is no word for what you desire.

Just like magic, it suddenly materializes.

It becomes so solid that you can give it a name.

It calls out to you and you go to it.

STALLER AND KOONS MARRIED
IN A WHIRLWIND ROMANCE.
WHEN *MADE IN HEAVEN*
APPEARED TO THE PUBLIC MANY
WERE SHOCKED, OSTENSIBLY
DUE TO ITS GRAPHIC NATURE.
THE FACT THAT KOONS HAD
INSERTED HIMSELF INTO THE
ARTWORK DREW A LOT OF
CRITICISM.

THERE DIDN'T SEEM

TO BE ANY

DISTINCTION

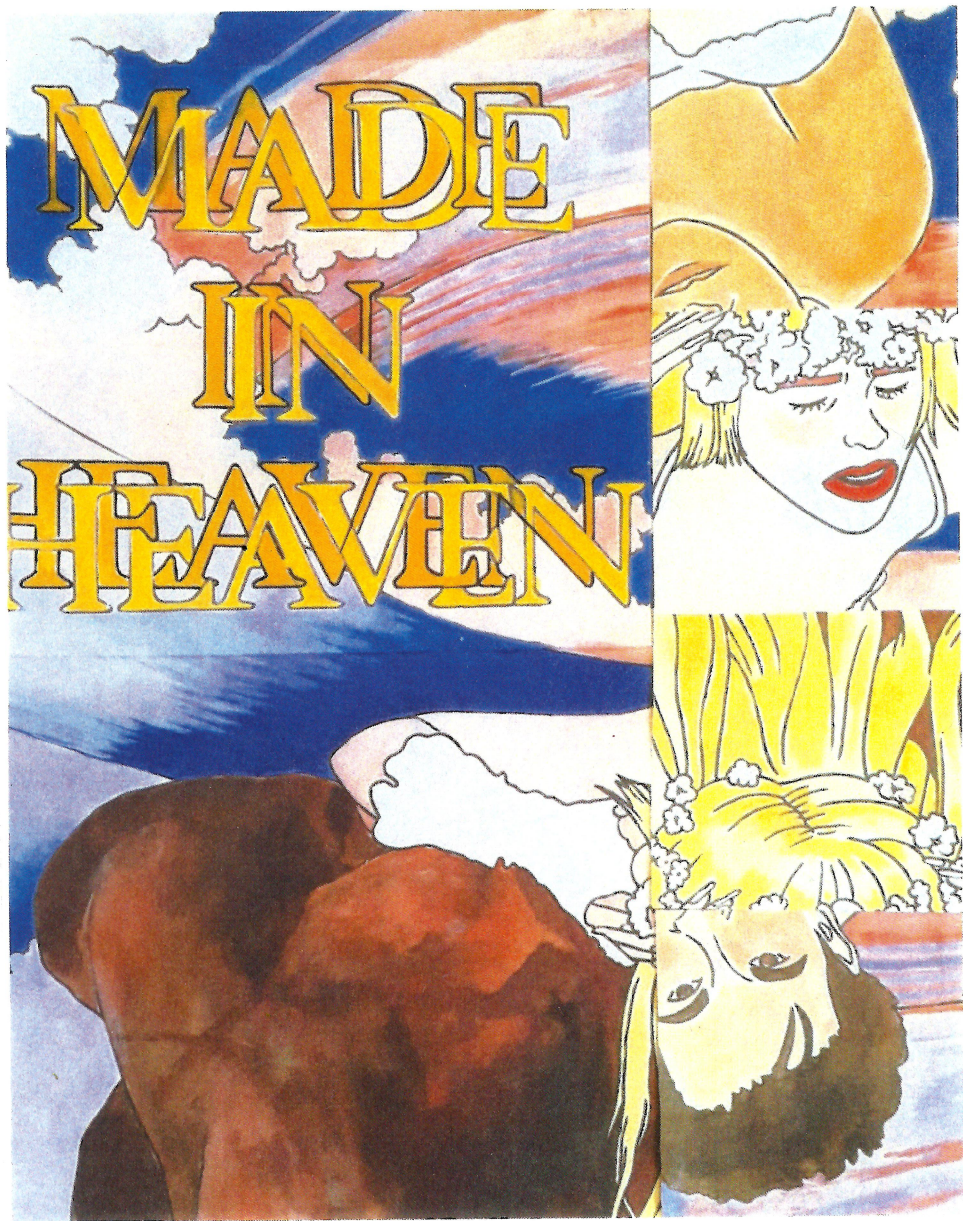
BETWEEN

THE

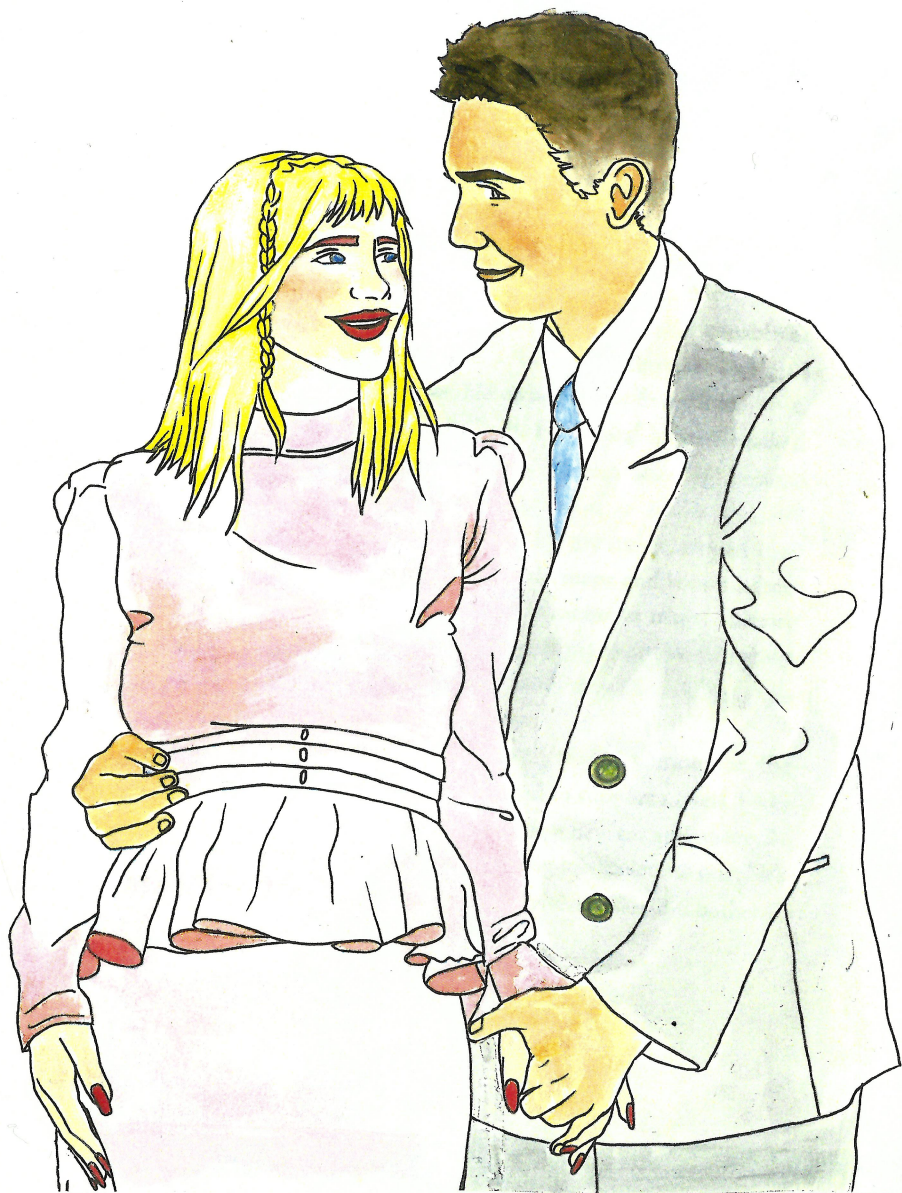
ARTWORK

AND REALITY.





PART TWO:
CONFUSION



STALLER AND KOONS HAD A CHILD TOGETHER. IT WAS AN IMPROBABLE MARRIAGE TO THOSE AROUND THEM. PERHAPS IT'S NO SURPRISE THAT THE WHOLE THING WOULD EVENTUALLY UNRAVEL.

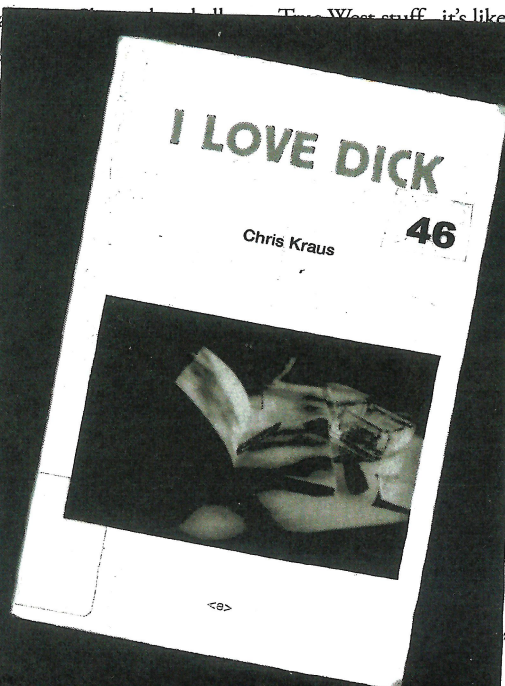
that such a marginal sexless hag as me wasn't living in the streets. I liked his favorites, Leslie Thornton and Bob D, I was difficult and unadorable and Paul Fomina to boot.

Oh Bill, you should've seen me in New York in 1982, starving and emaciated. I was bruised with malnutrition on the Ball of Welfare. We had looked up on TV not knowing what was wrong because the City's mandatory graphic care plan doesn't cover linguistic factors.

"Glad to and I see Munkos," I told Bill Hestig. "I'll be money from the people who won't give me money and give me money." Money's abundant and money's distribution is finite and when I reject and it occurred to me that I was suffering from the dizziness of contradictions: the only pleasure that remains once you've decided you know better than the world.

Accepting contradictions means not believing anymore in the primacy of "true feeling." Everything is true and simultaneously. ~~It's~~ why I have to be a little bit of a ~~Time~~ West stuff, it's like analysis, as if the

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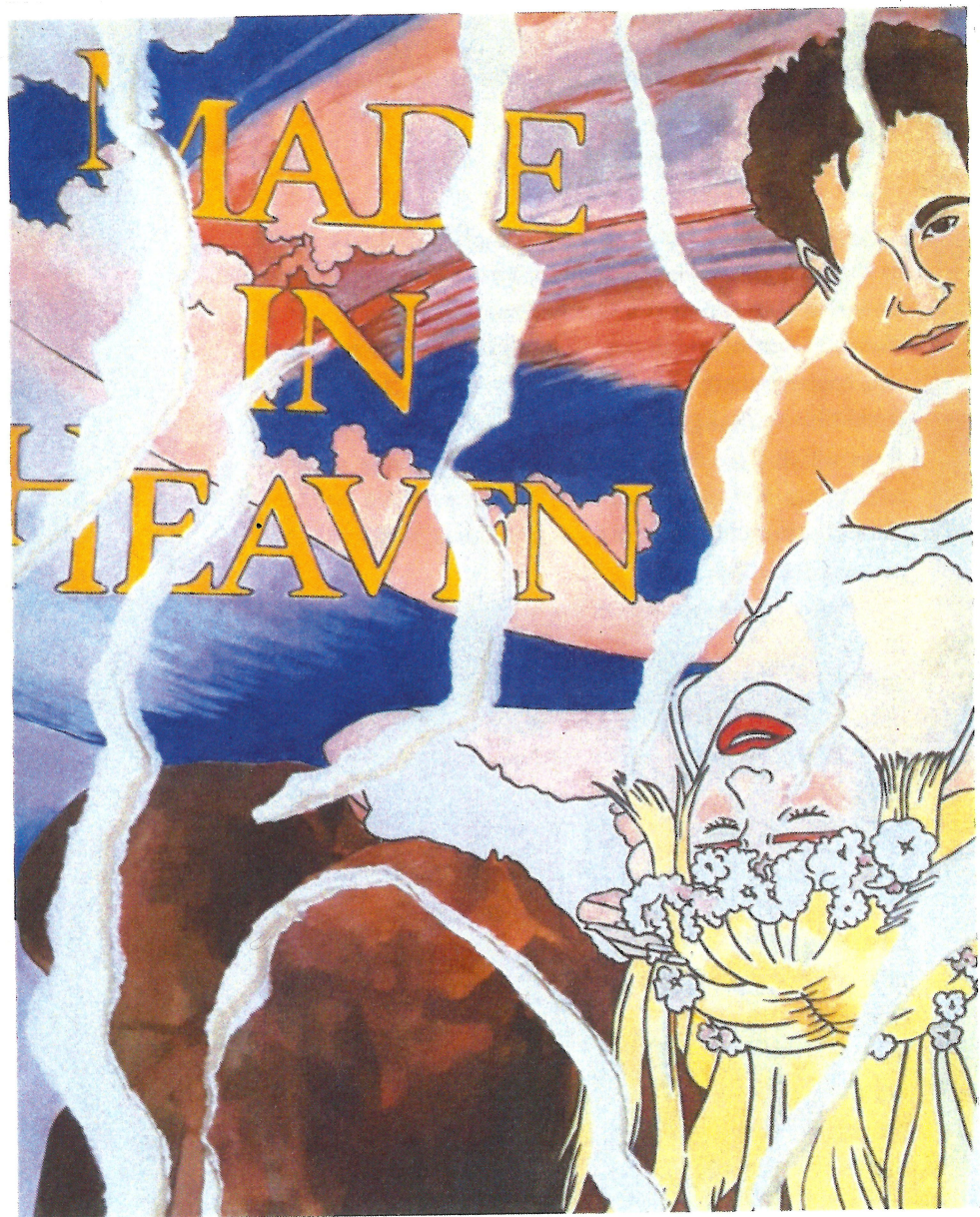
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A boundary dissolves like a drug on your tongue.

Joy overflows and there isn't any past or future anymore,

But the heights of ecstasy cannot be maintained

And confusion inevitably creeps in.



**PART THREE:
DISILLUSIONMENT**

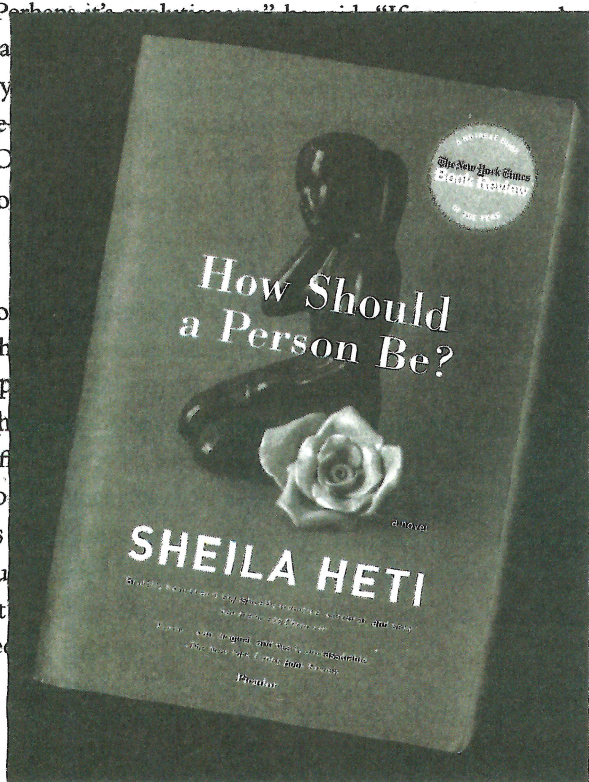
~~our drinks away~~, I asked him what he thought there was in us that forced us to tell stories to ourselves about our own lives—to make up stories that had such an arbitrary resemblance to our actual living. Why did we pick certain dots and connect them and not others? Why did we find it so irresistible to make ourselves into tragic figures with tragic flaws which were responsible for our pain? Maybe unfortunate things just happened; maybe there was just bad luck. Why did it seem like our greatest failures were caused by perversions in our souls?

"Perhaps it's evolution," he said. "If

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WHEN THE MARRIAGE FINALLY
FELL APART STALLER FLED THE
U.S. WITH HER SON. A LONG
AND BITTER CUSTODY BATTLE
ENSUED. AFTER THE DIVORCE
KOONS DESTROYED MUCH OF MADE
IN HEAVEN.

Of all the states to be in, disillusionment is the most

devastating.

I wonder what makes you, me—

Anyone, really—

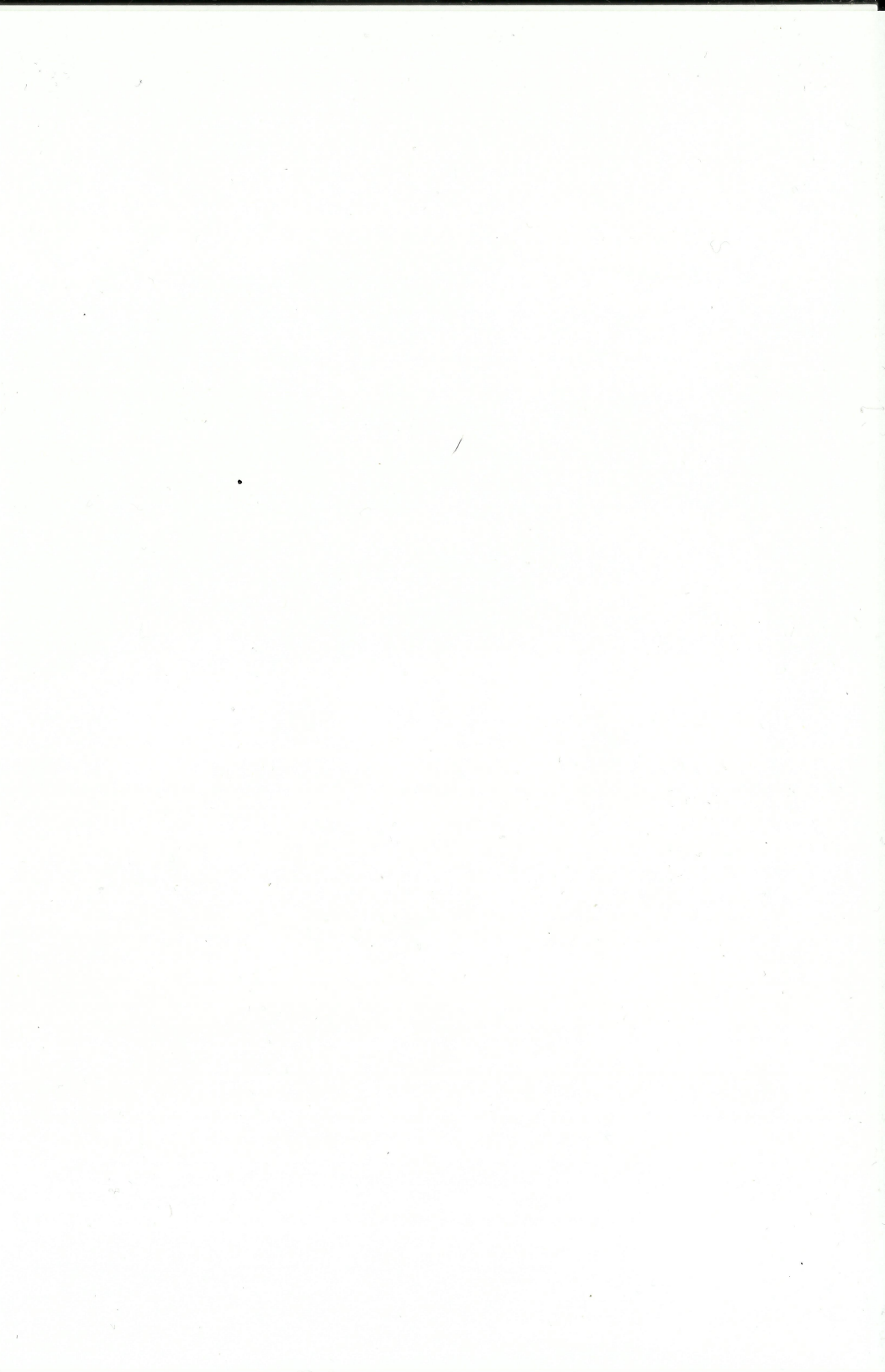
Desire self-destruction?

Maybe it's the wild dream of being reborn.



IG:PERPETUALWASTEANDREPAIR
LOS ANGELES

2019



I myself shall continue living in my glass
house where you can always see who comes
to call, where everything hanging from the ceiling
and on the walls stays where it is as if by magic,
where I sleep nights in a glass bed, under
glass sheets, where ~~who I am~~
who I am will sooner or later
appear etched by a diamond.

-André Breton